

SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS, &c.
IN
FONTAINBLEAU;
OR,
OUR WAY IN FRANCE.
A
COMIC OPERA.
PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by Mr. O'KEEFFE.

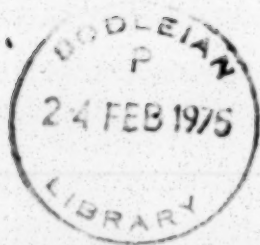
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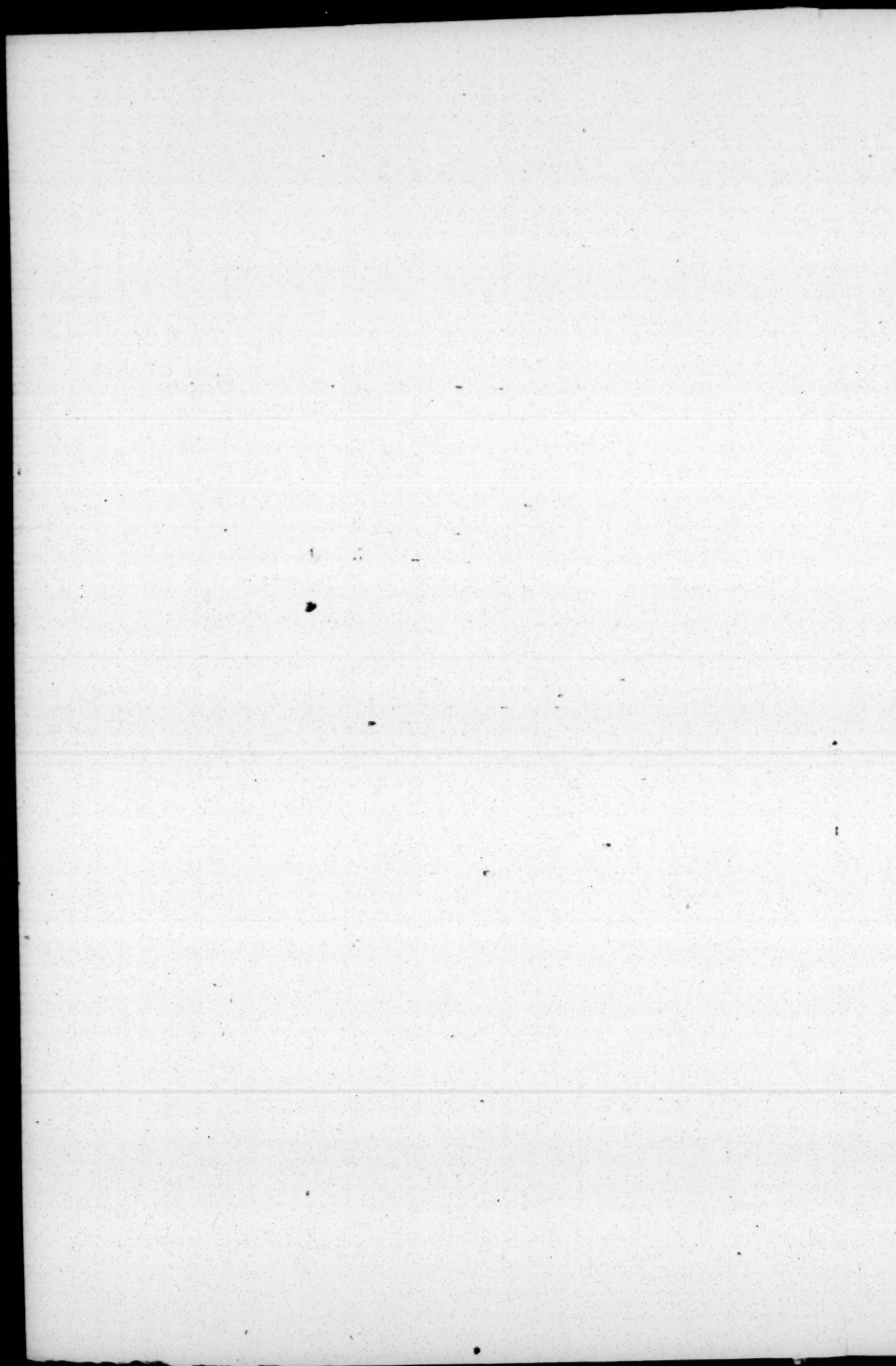
M.DCC.LXXXV.

Vol. A5 e. 5227



CHARACTERS.

Lackland,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Lord Winlove,	-	-	-	-	Mr. DAVIES.
Sir John Bull,	-	-	-	-	Mr. WILSON.
Henry,	-	-	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTON.
Squire Tally-ho,	-	-	-	-	Mr. EDWIN.
Colonel Epaulette,	-	-	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Lepoche,	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
First Waiter,	-	-	-	-	Mr. HELME.
Second Waiter,	-	-	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Gagger,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BATES.
French Inn-keeper,	-	-	-	-	Mr. CUBITT.
French Post-boy,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEDGER.
French Waiter,	-	-	-	-	Mr. SWORDS.
French Hair-dresser,	-	-	-	-	Mr. KENNEDY.
Robin,	-	-	-	-	Mr. DARLEY,
Cook,	-	-	-	-	Mr. PAINTER.
Bootcatcher,	-	-	-	-	Mr. FARLEY.
Jockey,	-	-	-	-	Mr. NEWTON.
Lady Bull,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. WEBB.
Rosa,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. BANNISTER.
Celia,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Miss Dolly,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. WILSON.
Mrs. Casey,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. KENNEDY.
Nannette,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MORTON.



FONTAINEBLEAU, &c.

A C T I.

A I R—*Lepoche.*

A Londre, I was Taylor nice,
And work for Lor so gay,
He never beat me down my price,
But den he never pay;
From Lor I could no money get,
My Draper would not stay;
So, like my Lor, I run in debt,
And den I run away.

II.

Vid trick on card I please my Lor,
He wonder how I do't;
And ladies, all, my skill adore,
Ven cock in glass I shoot.

De

De British guinea I command
 My pocket to recruit,
 I shift it off by flight of hand,
 Shift off by flight of foot.

III.

Now here en France, I have no dread
 For Lor to move my shear,
 For here in France, de cannot plead
 De privilege of Peer.
 Monsieur, if you employ a me,
 And pretty coat vou'd wear,
 Your little tailleur here I be,
 Tres humble serviteur.

A I R—*Henry.*

MY morning of life, ah how tranquil, how
 bright!
 No care found a place in my breast;
 My noon now is ev'ning, and soon must be
 night,
 A night without comfort or rest,

The flood, how resplendent with clear azure
skies!

Tho' tempting---too late, to his cost,
Beneath, for his heaven, who wantonly tries,
In streams of false pleasure is lost.

A I R—Mrs. *Cassey*.

THE British Lion is my sign;
A roaring trade I drive on;
Right English usage---neat French wine
A landlady may thrive on.
At table d'hotte, to eat and drink,
Let French and English mingle,
And while to me they bring the chink,
Faith, let the glasses jingle;
Your rhino rattle, come
Men and cattle, come
All to Mrs. Cassey;
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey,
I warrant I'll make you easy.

When

II.

When drest and seated in my bar,
Let 'squire, or beau, or belle come,
Let captains kiss me, if they dare,
It's " Sir, you're kindly welcome!"
On Shuffle, Cog, and Slip, I wink,
Let Rooks and Pigeons mingle,
And if to me they bring the chink,
Faith, let the glasses jingle.
Rhino rattle, come, &c.

III.

Let love fly here, on silken wings,
His tricks I still connive at;
The lover who would say soft things,
Shall have a room in private.
On pleasure I am pleas'd to wink,
So lips in kisses mingle,
For while to me they bring the chink,
Faith, let the glasses jingle.
Your rhino rattle, come
Men and cattle, come
All to Mrs. Casey;
Of trouble and money,
My jewel, my honey,
I warrant I'll make you easy.

A I R—*Rosa.*

OH, lingering time, why with us stay
When absent love we mourn!
And why so nimbly glide away
At our true love's return!

Ah, gentle time, the youth attend,
Whose absence here I mourn;
The chearful hours in pity fend
That bring my love's return.

I feel my heart with rapture beat;
No longer shall I mourn:
My lover soon with smiles I'll meet,
And hail his dear return.

A I R—*Lord Winlove.*

FLOW'RS their beauties all surrender,
When the sun withdraws his ray;
Now they shine in borrow'd splendor,
Painted by the beam of day.

B

With

With each good fair Eden planted,
Ev'ry sweet that sense could move;
Passion sighs tho' all is granted,
No enjoyment without love.

Dearest maid, thy smiles bestowing,
Bright and gay my hours shall be;
By this heart with rapture glowing,
Thou art light and love to me!

A I R—*Nannette.*

INDEED I'll do the best I can
To please so kind a gentleman:
You lodge with us, and you shall see
How careful poor Nannette will be;
So nice, so neat, so clean your room,
With bow-pots for the sweet perfume;
A'n't please you, fir,
When you get up,
Your coffee brown
In china cup,
Dinner, desert,
And bon souper:
Sir, mon honneur, at night you be
With waxen taper lit to bed
By poor Nannette your chambermaid.

D U-

A I R—*Rosa.*

THE night when past---in golden skies,
If whiten'd cliffs the sailor spies,

Completely blest!

The sight each tender thought inspires,
His love's on shore, and fancy fires

His faithful breast;

The dancing waves salute his oar,
He pulls and sings "My love's on shore!"

He waves his hat, and cries adieu!

And as around he turns his face,

The dancing waves salute his oar:

Farewell good ship and loving crew, for love I
steer,

To view the happy, well-known place, that
holds his dear,

He pulls and sings "My love's on shore!"

D U E T T----*Henry and Rosa.*

BROOKS, to your sources ah swiftly return;

Tear drop on tear, and give life to the urn;

Truth and virtue pass away,

Ere I for another my true love betray.

B E N D O F F I R S T A C T.

A C T II.

A I R—*Tally-ho.*

I'M your's at any sort o' fun,
My buck, I tell you so;
A main to fight, a nag to run,
But say the word 'tis done and done!
All's one to Tally-ho.

Upon a single card I'll set
A thousand pound or so;
But name the thing, I'll bind the bett,
And if I lose, I'll scorn to fret---
All's one to Tally-ho.

Suppose you challenge in a glass
Sweet Doll, my pretty doe!
And think your love could mine surpass,
I'd swallow hogheads for my las---
All's one to Tally-ho.

A I R

A I R—*Celia.*

SEARCH all the wide creation round,
Or earth, or air, or deep profound,
To some great universal end,
Power, sense, instinct, reason, tend;
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

Why Phœbus smile upon the morn?
Why lend a ray to Dian's horn?
Why flowers perfume the breath of spring?
Or why do birds on hawthorns sing?
 'Tis love, sweet universal love!

With honour join'd, oh form'd to bless,
Thy power let ev'ry heart confess;
If sense and reason but remove
The bandage from the eyes of love,
 Of love, sweet universal love!

A I R

A I R—*Lepoche.*

LOVE does so run in my head,
Devil a stich can I do;
From my jump out of my bed,
'Till my jump in it vid you.

Oh

Sweet

Pet!

Liver once cold as a cucumber;

Heigho!

Go,

Get away little Nannette,

Welcome, my bosom, a new comer!

Who like me loves you? oh not a man!

My handkerchief, was I great Ottoman,

Drops at your pretty toe.

Sweet hen, in your beauties I'll fun me,

Your twinkles and dimples have won me,

Den vink and smile pretty upon me,

Your game-cock den vill I crow.

A I R

A I R-----*Henry.*

THROUGH circling sweets I freely rove,
And think my passion true,
But every charm that man can love,
Sweet love, I find in you.
I will not boast with stoic pride,
That I've a heart of stone;
That I have often gaz'd and sigh'd,
To you I frankly own.
For circling sweets, &c.

That beauty hears a gentle mind,
The source of every joy,
Is now the hope I wish to find,
Then don't that hope destroy.
For circling sweets, &c.

For since that each external grace
Is by my fair possess'd,
In pity let her mind keep pace,
And make her lover blest.
For circling sweets, &c.

A I R—*Celia.*

NO hurry I'm in to be married,
But if it's the will of my brother,
I'd much rather stay;
Yet since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

A strange custom this to be married,
Tho' follow'd by father and mother,
The grave and the gay;
But since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

A prude tho' she long to be married,
Endeavours her wishes to smother.
I'd give you her nay;
But since in the way,
I as well may have you as another.

DUET.—*Henry and Tally-bo.*

Tally-bo. } Your hand !
Hen. } Your hand !
Tally-bo. My hero !
Hen. My buck !
Tally-bo. No more worts,
Hen. No more pother;—
Tally-bo. } My sifter is your's,
Hen. } Your sifter is mine;
Tally-bo. }
Hen. } And the bargain is struck.
Tally-bo. } My brother !
Hen. } My brother !
Tally-bo. } The field round,
Hen. }
Tally-bo. } We'll slang 'em,
Hen. } We'll slang 'em;
Tally-bo. And if they complain, the captain
shall bang 'em.
Hen. In this, and that, and every nation,
Tally-bo. Every rank and every station,
All, all declare,
That cheating is fair,
Hen. If it takes but the knowing one in.
C *Tally-bo.*

Tally-bo. Miss Polly how coy,
 With her amorous boy,
 Cries dear sir! oh fie, sir! and bridles
 her chin:
 You impudent man you!
 How can you? how can you?

Hen. 'Tis all,

Tally-bo. 'Tis all,

Hen.

Tally-bo.

} To take the knowing one in.

Both.

} For all declare
 That cheating is fair,
 } If it takes but the knowing one in.

A I R.----*Tally-bo.*

IN London my life is a ring of delight,
 In frolicks I keep up the day and the night;
 I snooze at the Hummum till twelve, per-
 haps later,
 I rattle the bell, and I roar up the waiter:
 Your honor, says he, and tips me a leg,
 He brings me my tea, but I swallow an egg;
 For tea in the morning's a flop I renounce,
 So I down with a glass of the right cherry
 bounce.

With swearing, tearing, ranting, jaunting, flashing,
smashing, smacking, cracking, rumb-
ling, tumbling;

Laughing, quaffing, smoaking, joaking, swag-
gering, staggering;

So thoughtless, so knowing, so green and so
mellow;

This, this, is the life of a frolicksome fellow.

My phæt'n I mount, and the plebs they all stare,
I handle my reins and my elbows I square;
My ponies so plump, and as white as a lilly,
Through Pall Mall I spank it, and up Picca-
dilly;

'Till losing a wheel, egad down came I smack,
So at Knightsbridge I throw myself into a hack;
At Tatterfall's fling a leg over my nag,
Thus visit for dinner, then dress in a bag,

With swearing, &c.

I roll round the garden, and call at the Rose,
And then at both Playhouses pop in my nose;
I lounge in the lobby, laugh, swear, slide
and swagger,

Talk loud, take my money, and out again
stagger.

I meet at the Shakespeare a good natur'd soul,
Then down to our club at St. James's I roll;
The joys of the night are a thousand at play,
And thus at the finish begin the next day.

With swearing, &c.

A C T III.

A I R—Mrs. *Cassey*.

Kilkenny is a handsome place,
As any town in Shamrockshire;
There first I saw my Jemmy's face,
There Jemmy first beheld his dear:
My love he was a bashful boy,
And I a simple girl to see;
Yet I was Jemmy's only joy,
And *Jemmy* was the lad for me.

II.

But Dublin city bore the bell
In streets and squares, and houses fine;
Oh! there young Dick his love could tell,
And there I told young Dickey mine:
For Dick he was a roving blade,
And I was hearty, wild and free;
He lov'd, and I his love repaid,
Then *Dickey* was the lad for me!

When

III.

When Dover strand my happy lot,
 And William there my love did crown;
 Young Dick and Jemmy I forgot,
 Kilkenny-fair, and Dublin town:
 For William was a gentle youth,
 Too bashful nor too bold was he;
 He said he lov'd, and told me truth,
 Then *William* was the lad for me.

A I R—*Tally-ho.*

THE morning we're married, how funny and
 jolly!
 The Bridegroom my honor, the Bride Lady
 Dolly!
 When rous'd by sweet clamour, we open our
 peepers,
 And Phœbus salute in our night-gowns and
 slippers;
 Then under our windows musicians all come,
 Play fiddle, sweet hautboy, sharp flagelet,
 drum.
 But to my Dolly's amorous sing-song,
 All is puff, rattle, squeak and ding-dong.

The

The cymbals they grind, and the baffes they
grumble,

Pianos and fortes, a delicate jumble.

All joy to your honors! See, see how they flock,
Whilst cleaver and marrowbone go nick-y-
knock;

Tantivy the horn, tantara the trumpet,
Sound, found---while we swallow our coffee
and crumpet.

But to my Dolly's amorous, &c.

A I R—*Rosa.*

HOW can man such pleasure find,
Still in trying each endeavour
Thus to win the virgin's favor,
Softly steal into her mind,
And destroy her peace for ever;
With her heart
To depart,
Leaving only grief behind.

Thus the boy, a linnet caging,
How engaging!
Now her sweet and warbling song,
Soon neglected,
All rejected;
Poor thing! she may her song give o'er,
Her sweetest notes can charm no more.

A I R

A I R—*Henry.*

LET Fame sound the trumpet, and cry, "to
the war!"

Let glory re-echo the strain;
The full tide of honor may flow from the scar,
And heroes may smile on their pain.
The treasures of Autumn let Bacchus display,
And stagger about with his bowl;
On Science, let Sol beam the lustre of day,
And wisdom give light to the soul.
Let India unfold her rich gems to the view,
Each virtue, each joy to improve;
Oh give me the friend that I know to be true,
And the fair that I tenderly love.
What's glory but pride? a vain bubble is fame,
And riot the pleasure of wine;
What's riches but trouble? and title's a name,
But friendship and love are divine!

G L E E.

G L E E.

Lord Winlove, Henry, Celia, and Rosa.

HOW sweet, how kind the joyful hour,
With peace and virtue crown'd!
They come like soft descending showers,
To cheer the landscape round.
Hush, throbbing heart, as truth alone
Should light the virgin's breast,
Retire, cold freezing doubt begone,
Retire, 'tis love's request!

V A U D E V I L L E.

LET fashion with her glittering train,
Abroad a while deceive us;
We long to see dear home again,
The love of England must remain,
And that can never leave us.

D

THIS

THIS patriot fire within each heart,
For ever let us nourish,
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish !

Sir John. My future range,
The Stock-Exchange,
'Tis there I'll mend my paces ;
Nor gig, nor nag,
Jack Bull shall drag
To French or English races.

Lady Bull. At feast or ball,
At Grocers-hall,
'Tis there I'll mind my paces ;
Yet nothing keep
Me from a peep
At French or English races.

Sir

Sir Hen. Our bard still in your favor thrive,
His jokes your fancies tickling,
This boon in laugh and claps then
give
To Shenkin of Cychwechlyn.

And now of each doubt and perplexity eas'd,
From Fontainbleau Races we'll prance,
In hopes that all errors our friends will be
pleas'd
To excuse, as 'tis "*Our Way in France.*"

A patriot fire within each heart
For eyer let us nourish,
Of glory still the golden mart,
May England ever flourish !

THE END.



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